

NUMBER 37

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**WITT TALMAGE
OPOLY.**

A NOTABLE TRIBUTE.

Chief Justice Jackson's Speech on

Meeting
Atlanta Constitution.]

to inspect the lovers
 rose to name some of
 the hand, of
 a sister place is a
 and of this Republic
 a word. His brother

the rail track and the
does everything for
the nobility of
gone on it to be
three Legislatures of
and Pennsylvania
supply decides every

Less than twelve months ago the State was draped in weeds of mourning, and with the circle of the entire sisterhood she bowed her head in sorrow and wept over the fresh grave of the Chief Magistrate of the Union. The rude and

protruded, weary and sad footsteps of the great sufferer through the dark valley of the shadow of death;" the patient heroism with which he endured the anguish, and the painful suspense with which the people breathlessly watched the event—all struck the

divine, gentle, loving hand will move thee again to his side, and he, who pronounced you one here will re-unite you there, to be together forever in the beauty of holiness in the garden of the Lord.

ITEMS.

A sad story comes from Helena, Arkansas, of the suicide of Mr. Page, an estimable young gentleman of Friar's Point, on the grave of his sweetheart.

with a mother's love and a mother's anguish. She stands now by the bier of

the time going to his father's house as it used to be, he was exposed and arrested by the police. He stayed in prison a day and a night before being released. It took a month to get him back home. On every bushel of corn, every bushel of wheat, every bushel of cotton, he feels the touch of the Lord. I rejoice that the Lord has been established, our liberation is at hand.

His own boy—the offspring of her womb—has grown up to be a man. His wife's footstep she watched as only a mother can watch a son, in whose growth she expended too in parental pride, and in the altitude of whose fame she gloried as well.

Well may she weep! "Can a mother forget her sucking child?" is the question Jehovah put to manifest his unchangeable love. And already Mr. Hill sucked everything which made him grand from the breast of Georgia.

About four hundred miles from Dallas, comes reports of the heaviest and most disastrous storm ever known in the Southwest.

"The Lord," says one who has confessed to the murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke. He says he was paid \$20 by Mr. O'Connor, M.P., for his share in the deed.

Among the pieces coined in the mint during the past year were gold coins of \$20 each. The total number of pieces of all kinds coined was 9,047,935; of the value of \$9,310,922.

By direction of the President the Military

to Georgia, for he, too, was a physician, and he was in the habit of visiting in their region to give his aid to the sick and to fight against the great evil of malaria, which he knew so well from his own experience. In the midst of the great rebellion which encircles the body of the State from the Savannah to the Chattahoochee—her rich, red zone—near the geographical center—the very core of the State—his eyes saw the life and the blood which fed his magnificent physique flowed from that heart, which now throbs with anguish over its remains. Intellectually, he was her own son. And although of her university, they were not separated by distance, for Athens is in tears now while Atlanta weeps. If honey hushed upon his lips Georgia bees gathered it from her own flowers and hoarded it there. If the fervor of his eloquence fascinated the people, it was because he had drunk it from the fountain of her life.

The Louisiana Board of Health has prohibited the Louisville and Nashville Railroad from bringing any cars, containing ice or baggage from Pensacola into the State of Louisiana.

Eliza Pinkston is in a bad way, having been committed by Mayor Thaw, of Canton, to the Circuit Court to answer a charge of stealing. Her husband's testimony in great measure cleared her, but the jury found that she was fraudulent. Rochester, B. was seated.

Owing to the prevalence of yellow fever in Pensacola, the Secretary of War has given orders for the transfer of troops at Fort Barrancas, of Pensacola, to M. L. Grant barracks, at Mobile, Ala.

monopoly, proud to this Re-
morse of the people—
and they did them at the
great organiza-
overwhelming
the great thought
of God, forbid
heaven, that
abigail.

ELMER, D. D.

prior.
[Richmond State],
such patronage
ests, who think

magic of music, that silver was dug
from Georgia mines beneath her own red
hills. If the sword of his logic wielded
for the first time, it would have been
flashed and cut like a Damascus
blade, the material was Georgia steel
manufactured and tempered in her own
workshops. If the broad shield which
he raised there in her defence, and that
of all the South, averted every blow
and blunted the point of every javelin
hurled against her, it was because she
the material of it was the sturdy oak
and the granite mountain native to Georgia's
soil. Oh, sir, this great Georgian was
altogether Georgian, and while patri-

will be practically closed in a few days.

There is a baseless rumor to the effect that
Alexander Stephens, the Democratic nominee
for Governor of Georgia, will be requested
to deliver the address at the Atlanta Exposition
to make open canvas against his vigilant
and aggressive competitor, Garrett.

Gov. McElreath has appointed Hon. T. C.
Manning Associate Justice of the Louisiana
Supreme Court, *viz* Judge, deceased. Judge
Manning was at one time before a member of
the Court, and more recently an unsuccessful
contestant for the seat now occupied by Kel-
ley.

Secretary Lincoln has approved the recom-
mendation of the Mississippi River Commis-

The Northern main, a tennis

figure, healthily interested in looking at things as being the same as being fit, in texture of cement, in form of a spout, in number a racer, in limb-limbed, lady is not slow as she can never be who by her play tennis in a way, she natural and in

all in all him!

True patriotism always did, and always will burn brighter at the fireside. Thence its rays will shine over all the land and warm all the homes within the reach of its radiance to the remotest verge of the whole country. If it burn not there, it is not patriotism.

Morally Mr. Hill was Georgia's own son. In a Georgia church, under Georgian preaching, a spark from heaven fell into his soul and kindled that humble faith in Christ which adhered through the centuries to the people of that State. He might say with the Psalmist: "Thy gentleness hath made me great." And that gentle flow of God's spirit into his

supposed that work upon the river will begin at once.

More Tribute Wanted.

The Tariff Commission is hearing evidence daily upon the subject of its inquiries, and that evidence, so far, has been of a nature to excite the indignation of the grave, "Give, give!" Monopolists of all kinds ask for more. They declare that a large portion of the American manufactures are engaged in enterprises that do not pay, and they require that the farmer, the laborer, the professional and the rest of American mankind shall be compelled by the power of the

Sir, his career was not unlike the course of the sun in the heavens—its morning, its noon, its setting in the cloudy west. When it arose, the broad beams of its light, as they brightened

the morning sky, gave early promise of a glorious zenith. We do remember that the Southern States, and especially Daugherty—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—watched those beams and delighted in their promise. Steadily it rose higher and higher. The bar, the forum, the debating, legislative and Congressional hall, were flooded with the illumination, and when full orbited, it culminated in the zenith, when all eyes looked at Georgia's Senator in the American Senate—not Crawford or Trapp—not the Honorable Benjamin Russell, but with a richer—I had almost said silt—with so rich a radiance.

"There he shone a sun with no spot upon its disk! But evening came, and the sun set to rise no more; and the sun that set, never returned any more."

ad valorem duty of thirty per cent upon their value besides. This way of dividing the tariff was a very simple one, and it is not tried to keep from the public a knowledge of the extent to which it is defrauded. In this instance the total tax would be \$1.27 to \$1.42 on knives costing \$3 a dozen. This greediness for a few cents is the real superiority of much of the American workmanship that foreign manufacturers sometimes copy the American patterns and stamp their goods with American names to get the benefit of the tariff. The New York Post asks the following question: "If domestic manufactures have advanced so far that European makers find it profitable to imitate them are they not able to go alone, and would not they be better off than now?"

that is such a beautifully grand. If
when clouds encompass the king of day
and the sun is hidden in a deeper
his couch, and more beautiful than
morning's beams, grander than noontide
glory, is the light the sinking sun sheds
on the clouds which skirt the horizon he
has left.

Mr. Hill sank among clouds of deep
affliction, and the twilight was long, but
oh! how surpassingly beautiful the
lingering glory! God seems to have
brought the clouds around the dying
king, that the rays of his glory might
brighten the sorrows of the dying
that the world might see as Addison
wrote to his young friend, how a Christian

of a royal
writing her
handicraft is
a human viciss-
the London
enjoyment by
President of a
March, is main-
time in the
wa of Neugers-
story of this
told in a few
days, when the
the revolution
any Sarmatian
native land for-

sets, if these were opened to them by
the adoption of a liberal commercial
policy which would encourage trade
with all nations, instead of restricting
it?"—Memphis Appeal.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

A foreign nation is a kind of con-
temporaneous posterity.—Stanley.

A proverb is the wisdom of a many
and the wit of one.—Lord John Russell.

Young men think old men fools, and
old men know young men to be so.—
Dr. Metcalf.

The blood of the martyrs is the seed

Count that day as lost in which you have not had a good laugh.—Chamfort.

The first and last thing which is required of genius is the love of truth.—Goethe.

Conversation catches at understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.—Edward Gibbon.